











VENICE PRESERVED
Jupiter the but one blow has
bravest love I cannot longer
have a thought to harm thee
let it be



Madame V. B. H.
 HAWAII
 N. Y. 1854



OROONOKO
 ORCHFIELD & IMOIANDA

*I have something in that name
 that voice, that face, Oh if I loved
 myself I cannot be mistaken.
 Act II. Scene 3.
 Printed for C. Clarke, April 1854.*









Postmark: NAPOLI

Calista
How didst thou dare to think
A slave to base desires and brutal
To be a wretched woman for thy
Dear Son?







62543

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TRAGEDY
OF THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

TRANSLATED

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS,

FROM THE ANDROMAQUE OF RACINE.

ADAPTED FOR THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As performed at the Theatres-Royal,

COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt Books,

BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS.

WITH A CRITIQUE,

And the

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted
in the Representation.

Cooke's Edition.



SUPERBLY EMBELLISHED.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, Paternoster-Row,
by R. M'Donnld, 13, Green Arbour Court, and
sold by all the Booksellers in the
United Kingdom.



TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

THIS tragedy, which I do myself the honour to dedicate to your Grace, is formed upon an original, which passes for the most finished piece, in this kind of writing, that has ever been produced in the French language. The principal action and main distress of the play is of such a nature, as seems more immediately to claim the patronage of a lady : and when I consider the great and shining characters of antiquity that are celebrated in it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a person, whose illustrious father has, by a long series of glorious actions (for the service of his country, and in defence of the liberties of Europe), not only surpassed the generals of his own time, but equalled the greatest heroes of former ages. The name of Hector could not be more terrible among the Greeks, than that of the Duke of Marlborough has been to the French.

The refined taste you are known to have in all entertainments for the diversion of the public, and the peculiar life and ornament your presence gives to all assemblies, was no small motive to determine me

in the choice of my patroness. The charms that shine out in the person of your Grace, may convince every one that there is nothing unnatural in the power which is ascribed to the beauty of Andromache.

The strict regard I have had to decency and good manners throughout this work, is the greatest merit I pretend to plead in favour of my presumption; and is, I am sensible, the only argument that can recommend it most effectually to your protection.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your Grace's most humble

and most obedient servant,

AMBROSE PHILIPS.



PREFACE.

IN all the works of genius and invention, whether in verse or prose, there are in general but three manners of style; the one sublime and full of majesty; the other simple, natural, and easy; and the third swelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious affectation and sublimity is what has betrayed a great many authors into the latter; not considering that real greatness in writing, as well as in manners, consists in an unaffected simplicity. The true sublime does not lie in strained metaphors and the pomp of words, but rises out of noble sentiments and strong images of nature; which will always appear the more conspicuous, when the language does not swell to hide and overshadow them.

These are the considerations that have induced me to write this tragedy in a style very different from what has been usually practised amongst us in poems of this nature. I have had the advantage to copy after a very great master, whose writings are deservedly admired in all parts of Europe, and whose excellencies are too well known to the men of letters in this nation, to stand in need of any farther discovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the beauties of Monsieur Racine in my attempts, and to do him no prejudice in the liberties I have taken frequently to vary from so great a poet, I shall have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labour it has cost me to bring the completest of his works upon the English stage.

I shall trouble my reader no farther than to give him some short hints relating to this play, from the preface of the French author. The following lines of Virgil mark out the scene, the action, and the four principal actors in this tragedy, together with their distinct characters; excepting that of Herionione, whose rage and jealousy is sufficiently painted in the *Andromache* of Euripides.

*Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem—*

*Solemnes tum forte dapes, et tristia dona
 Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque vocabat
 Hectorcum ad tumulum, viridiquem cespitem inanem,
 Et geminas, causam lacrymis, sacraverut aras—
 Dejecit vullum, et demissa voce locuta est :
 O felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,
 Hostilem ad tumulum, Trojæ sub mænibus altis
 Jussa mori ! quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
 Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vectæ,
 Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, juvenemque superbum,
 Servitio enixæ tulimus, qui deinde secutus
 Ledaam Hermionem, Lacedæmoniosque hymenæos :
 Ast illum ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
 Conjugis, et scelerum Furiis agitatatus Orestes
 Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. III.

The great concern of Andromache, in the Greek poet, is for the life of Molossæus, a son she had by Pyrrhus. But it is more conformable to the general notion we form of that princess, at this great distance of time, to represent her as the disconsolate widow of Hector, and to suppose her the mother only of Astyanax. Considered in this light, no doubt, she moves our compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any distress for a son by a second husband.

In order to bring about this beautiful incident, so necessary to heighten in Andromache the character of a tender mother, an affectionate wife, and a widow full of veneration for the memory of her deceased husband, the life of Astyanax is indeed a little prolonged beyond the term fixed to it by the general consent of the ancient authors. But so long as there is nothing improbable in the supposition, a judicious critic will always be pleased when he finds a matter of fact (especially so far removed in the dark and fabulous ages) falsified, for the embellishment of a whole poem.

LIFE OF AMBROSE PHILIPS.

OF the birth or early part of the life of Ambrose Philips I have not been able to find any account. His academical education he received at St. John's College in Cambridge, where he first solicited the notice of the world by some English verses, in the Collection published by the university on the death of Queen Mary.

From this time, how he was employed, or in what station he passed his life, is not yet discovered. He must have published his Pastorals before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope.

He afterwards (1709) addressed to the universal patron, the Duke of Dorset, a *Poetical Letter from Copenhagen*, which was published in the *Tatler*, and is by Pope in one of his first Letters mentioned with high praise, as the production of a man "who could write very nobly."

Philips was a zealous Whig, and therefore easily found access to Addison and Steele; but his ardour seems not to have procured him any thing more than kind words; since he was reduced to translate the *Persian Tales* for Tonson, for which he was afterwards reproached, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown. The book is divided into many sections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean sound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomising Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*. The original book is written with such depravity of genius, such mixture of the fop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little spirit or vigour.

In 1712 he brought upon the stage the *Distrest Mother*, almost a translation of Racine's *Andromaque*. Such a work requires no uncommon powers; but the

friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest. Before the appearance of the play a whole *Spectator*, none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise; while it yet continued to be acted, another *Spectator* was written, to tell what impression it made upon Sir Roger; and on the first night a select audience, says Pope, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the most successful epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage (where, by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place), the epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.

The propriety of epilogues in general, and consequently of this, was questioned by a correspondent of the *Spectator*, whose letter was undoubtedly admitted for the sake of the answer, which soon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to stimulate curiosity and continue attention. It may be discovered in the defence, that Prior's epilogue to *Phædra* had a little excited jealousy; and something of Prior's plan may be discovered in the performance of his rival.

Of this distinguished epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budgel, whom Addison used to denonimate "the man who calls me cousin;" and when he was asked how such a silly fellow could write so well, replied, "The epilogue was quite another thing when I saw it first." It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgel, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his translations from Sappho had been published in the *Spectator*; he was an important and distinguished associate of clubs witty and political; and nothing was wanting to his happiness, but that he should be sure of its continuance.

The work which had procured him the first notice from the public was his six Pastorals, which, flattering the imagination with Arcadian scenes, probably found many readers, and might have long passed as a pleasing amusement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.

The rustic poems of Theocritus were so highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose eclogues seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty; because the conversation of shepherds excludes profound or refined sentiment; and, for images and descriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, supplied variety of matter; which, having a natural power to sooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern Pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Æglogues*, by which he meant to express the talk of goat-herds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by subsequent writers, and amongst others by our Spenser.

More than a century afterwards (1498), Mantuan

published his *Bucolicks* with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into schools, and taught as classical; his complaint was vain, and the practice, however injudicious, spread far and continued long. Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, to censure the corruptions of the church; and from him Spenser learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

The Italians soon transferred pastoral poetry into their own language: Sannazaro wrote *Arcadia* in prose and verse; Tasso and Guarini wrote *Favole Boscareccie*, or sylvan dramas; and all nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrsis* and *Damon*, and *Thestylis* and *Phyllis*.

Philips thinks it "somewhat strange to conceive" how, in an age so addicted to the Muses, pastoral "poetry never comes to be so much as thought upon." His wonder seems very unseasonable; there had never, from the time of Spenser, wanted writers to talk occasionally of *Arcadia* and *Strephon*; and half the book, in which he first tried his powers, consists of Dialogues on Queen Mary's death, between *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, or *Mopsus* and *Menalcas*. A series or book of pastorals, however, I know not that any one had then lately published.

Not long afterwards Pope made the first display of his powers in four pastorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenser, and Pope took Virgil for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.

Philips was now favoured by Addison, and by Addison's companions, who were very willing to push him into reputation. The Guardian gave an account of Pastoral, partly critical, and partly historical; in which, when the merits of the moderns is compared,

Tasso and Guarini are censured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and, upon the whole, the Italians and French are all excluded from rural poetry, and the pipe of the pastoral Muse is transmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenser, and from Spenser to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a comparison of Philips's performance with his own, in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The design of aggrandising himself he disguised with such dexterity, that though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing his paper. Published however it was, (Guard. 40.) and from that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praise or satire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addison's approbation, as disaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not satisfied; for, indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours. He proceeded to grosser insults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to have been extremely exasperated; for in the first edition of his *Letters* he calls Philips *rascal*, and in the last still charges him with detaining in his hands the subscriptions for *Ho-*mer delivered to him by the Hanover Club.

I suppose it was never suspected that he meant to appropriate the money; he only delayed, and with sufficient meanness, the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained.

Men sometimes suffer by injudicious kindness;

Philips became ridiculous, without his own fault, by the absurd admiration of his friends, who decorated him with honorary garlands, which the first breath of contradiction blasted.

When, upon the succession of the House of Hanover, every Whig expected to be happy, Philips seems to have obtained too little notice ; he caught few drops of the golden shower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a commissioner of the lottery (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a justice of the peace.

The success of his first play must naturally dispose him to turn his hopes towards the stage : he did not, however, soon commit himself to the mercy of an audience, but contented himself with the fame already acquired, till, after nine years, he produced (1721) *The Briton*, a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected ; though one of the scenes, between Vanoc the British prince, and Valens the Roman general, is confessed to be written with great dramatic skill, animated by spirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle though he had been silent ; for he exhibited another tragedy the same year, on the story of *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*. This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happiest undertaking was of a paper called *The Freethinker*, in conjunction with associates, of whom one was Dr. Boultier, who, then only minister of a parish in Southwark, was of so much consequence to the government, that he was made first bishop of Bristol, and afterwards primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may easily be imagined that what was printed under the direction of Boultier, would have nothing in it indecent or licentious ; its title is to be understood as implying only freedom from unreasonable prejudice. It has been reprinted in volumes, but is little read, nor can impartial criticism recommend it as worthy of revival.

Boultier was not well qualified to write diurnal essays ; but he knew how to practise the liberality of greatness, and the fidelity of friendship. When he was advanced to the height of ecclesiastical dignity, he did not forget the companion of his labours. Knowing Philips to be slenderly supported, he took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune ; and making him his secretary, added such preferments, as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament.

In December, 1726, he was made secretary to the Lord Chancellor ; and in August, 1733, became judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued some years in Ireland ; but at last, longing, as it seems, for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtless survived most of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagonist Pope. He found however the Duke of Newcastle still living, and to him he dedicated his poems collected into a volume.

Having purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds, he now certainly hoped to pass some years of life in plenty and tranquillity ; but his hope deceived him : he was struck with a palsy, and died June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Of his personal character all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and skill in the sword, and that in conversation he was solemn and pompous. He had great sensibility of censure, if judgment may be made by a single story which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. " Philips," said he, " was once at table, when " I asked him, How came thy king of Epirus to drive " oxen, and to say, *I'm gouded on by love* ? After " which question he never spoke again."

Of the *Distrest Mother* not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no subject of criticism : his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below

mediocrity, nor above it. Among the poems comprised in the late collection, the *Letter from Denmark* may be justly praised; the pastorals, which by the writer of the *Guardian* were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the rustic Muse, cannot surely be despicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which does not exist, nor ever existed, is not to be objected; the supposition of such a state is allowed to pastoral. In his other poems he cannot be denied the praise of lines sometimes elegant; but he has seldom much force, or much comprehension. The pieces that please best are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*, the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "steerer of the "realm," to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and spritely, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought, yet if they had been written by Addison they would have had admirers: little things are not valued but when they are done by those who can do greater.

In his translations from Pindar he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

He has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read: perhaps he valued most himself that part, which the critic would reject.

His dramatic pieces are as follow:

1. *The Distrest Mother*. A Tragedy. 4to. 1712.
2. *The Briton*. A Tragedy. 8vo. 1722.
3. *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*. A Tragedy. 8vo. 1723.

CRITIQUE

ON THE

DISTREST MOTHER.

AS I never read a line of Racine's writing, and probably never shall, I cannot be the proper person to criticize this play, which professes to be a translation from that celebrated poet. I take it for granted, that Mr. Addison had some motives very different from sincerity of opinion, for the encomiums which he passed, or rather caused to be passed, upon this Anglicized French tragedy. They are said to have been pointed at Pope; it may be so: but for this I have no particular authority; and if it was so, Addison only disgraced his judgment; for it would have been required of Ambrose Philips, to have furnished his patron with specimens of poetry infinitely superior to this of the *Distrest Mother*, before the translator of Racine could have entered into competition with the translator of Homer. Sir Richard Steele, in his *Spectator*, No. 290, very ingeniously contrives to inspire the public with very high expectations of this tragedy whilst it was yet in rehearsal. He says, he was present at the reading, and that "it was a most exquisite
" pleasure to him, to observe real tears drop from the
" eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and that the player
" who read, frequently threw down the book, until
" he had given vent to the humanity which rose in
" him at some irresistible touches of the imagined
" sorrow." He also annexes a supposed letter from Mr. George Powell, who was to play the part of

Orestes, interceding with the public for their patience if he is stopped in the recitation of his part through the excess of sensibility. If Sir Richard was really at the reading of this play, I should think it very likely that Mr. Powell was the reader, and conclude he was a very good actor off the stage as well as on it. A great many fine things are said, all tending to puff Mr. Ambrose Philips's performance, but not one word is dropped with respect to the French play from which it is translated. If Sir Richard Steele was present at the reading of the first scene that opens this translation, and heard the mawkish effeminate greeting betwixt Orestes and Pylades, I must wonder how his judgment could digest such flimsy stuff as the following :—

- “ O Pylades, what's life without a friend
- “ At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
- “ My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
- “ After an absence of six tedious moons,
- “ How could I hope to find my Pylades,
- “ My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore ?”

Who would not suppose this was language more adapted to the ecstasy of a boarding-school Miss upon meeting her playfellow, than to the son of Agamemnon upon encountering his friend in the court of Pyrrhus, where he comes “ the sworn ambassador” from the assembled princes of Greece, “ to speak “ their jealousies,” and claim the surrender of Astyanax, the son of Hector? Could Sir Richard Steele be serious, when he says, “ the style of this play is “ such as becomes those of the first education, and “ the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure ?”

I think Will Honeycomb shewed himself much the better critic of the two; and not less the translator's friend, when "he recommended to the players " to be very careful in their scenes, and, above all " things, that every part should be perfectly new " dressed."

As for the plot of this play, it may be very well contrived for the French stage; I have no remarks to make upon a foreign author of great celebrity, to whose works I am a perfect stranger, and whose national drama is founded upon models very different from ours. The characters also may be extremely well suited to the Parisian stage; they are rather cold upon ours. If it was in any respect my business to pronounce upon them, I should be disposed to give the preference to *Hermione*. I certainly could not agree with Mr. George Powell, in being so deeply penetrated by the ravings of *Orestes*; and if I did " throw down the book," whilst I was reading it, it would be for other purposes than to dry my tears.

Andromache's character seems to me rather mysterious. Perhaps the epilogue-writer was in the secret. The interest does not reach me, and of the diction I can form no judgment; it may be a fair translation, which is what it professes itself to be: but making a translation is not writing a play.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. STEELE.

*SINCE fancy by itself is loose and vain,
The wise, by rules, that airy power restrain:
They think those writers mad, who at their ease
Convey this house and audience where they please:
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round.
'Tis nothing when a fancy'd scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru.*

*But Shakspeare's self transgress'd: and shall each elf,
Each pigmy genius quote great Shakspeare's self!
What critic dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit!
Shakspeare could travel thro' earth, sea, and air,
And paint out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile.
And gives us feasts in his Enchanted Isle.
Our author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
Your treat with studied decency he serves;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his character entire,
With French correctness, and with British fire.*

*This piece, presented in a foreign tongue,
When France was glorious, and her monarch young,*

*An hundred times a crowded audience drew,
An hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.*

*Pyrrhus provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,
Resents his generous love so ill repaid;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid.
His sentiments disclose a royal mind,
Nor is he known a king from guards behind.*

*Injur'd Hermione demands relief;
But not from heavy narratives of grief:
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.*

*Andromache—If in our author's lines,
As in the great original, she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears;
Attend with silence, you'll applaud with tears.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

PYRRHUS, *Son of Achilles.*

PHŒNIX, *Counsellor to Pyrrhus.*

ORESTES, *Son of Agamemnon.*

PYLADES, *Friend to Orestes.*

Women.

ANDROMACHE, *Hector's Widow.*

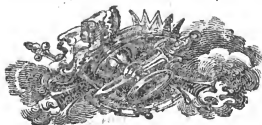
CEPHISA, *Confidante to Andromache.*

HERMIONE, *Daughter to Menelaus.*

CLEONE, *Confidante to Hermione.*

Attendants on Pyrrhus and Orestes, &c.

SCENE, *a great hall in the court of Pyrrhus, at
Buthrotos, the capital city of Epirus.*



THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Palace of PYRRHUS. Enter ORESTES, PYLADES,
and Attendants.*

Orestes. O PYLADES! what's life without a friend?
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
(After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of Pyrrhus! in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!—
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

[*Embracing.*

Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers who barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here! e'er since the unhappy day
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, in which your life's involv'd?
And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.

I fear'd to what extremities the black despair
 That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you,
 And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
 Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you loath'd.
 But now with joy I see you!—The retinue,
 And numerous followers that surround you here,
 Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
 To relish life.

Orest. Alas! my friend, who knows
 The destiny to which I stand reserv'd!
 I come in search of an inhuman fair;
 And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprize me, prince!—I thought
 you cur'd

Of your unpity'd, unsuccessful passion.
 Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
 Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta?
 I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
 In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
 Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
 Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
 You hated her; you talk'd of her no more:
 Prince, you deceiv'd me.

Orest. I deceiv'd myself.
 Do not upbraid the unhappy man, that loves thee.
 Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee;
 Thou saw'st it in its birth and in its progress;
 And when at last the hoary king her father,
 Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
 His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
 Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
 My torture, my despair; "and how I dragg'd,
 "From sea to sea a heavy chain of woes."
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
 To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
 Still wand'ring with me like a banish'd man!
 Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
 To temper the wild transports of my mind,
 And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth—but hear me on.
When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my complaints,
Gave up herself, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed: and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts:
And, that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice, complain of Pyrrhus;
That now, forgetful of the promise giv'n,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings; great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear, the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!

Orest. Resentments! Oh, my friend, too soon I found

They grew not out of hatred! I'm betray'd:
I practise on myself; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece:
And here I come their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: Will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Orest. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall. Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!—
But tell me, Pylades; how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;

The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child confin'd
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man so various?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates and punish her he loves.

Orest. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falsehood;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms;
And oft has made me privy to her tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.

Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my
friend.

I'd fly in transport—— [Flourish within.

Pyl. Hear!—the king approaches
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all her kings, require,
That Hector's son be giv'n into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see; he comes.

Orest. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far to throw
Himself, in all his sorrows, at her feet.

Enter PYRRHUS, PHŒNIX, and Attendants.

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do: you cherish the remains of Troy;
And by an ill-tim'd pity keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who
knows

But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze.
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death!—What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone
Of all the scepter'd warriors be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me;

Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen ;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize ;
Did I concern myself in what they won ;
Did I send embassies to claim their captives ?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive. and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise :
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of
Troy ;

Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass ;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
Confus'd in dust ; all mixt in one wide ruin ;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy ?
If they have sworn t' extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain ?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
'Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just.

“ When age and infancy, alike in vain,
“ Plead'd their weakness ; when the heat of conquest
“ And horrors of the sight rous'd all our rage,
“ And blindly hurry'd us thro' scenes of death.”

My fury then was without bounds : but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still ?
And deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood ;
An infant's blood ?—No, prince—go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy ; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son :
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence ;

Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword; the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter;
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The

Greeks,

No doubt, expect your quick return. [*Ex. Orest. &c.*]

Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?

Pyr. I am told, that he has lov'd her long.

Phæn. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze a new?
And she be brought to listen to his passion

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta: all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I be then reliev'd?

Phæn. But, sir—

Pyr. I shall another time, good Phœnix,

Act I. **THE DISTREST MOTHER.**

Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—for, see,
Andromache appears.

Enter ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA.

Pyr. May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?

Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to-day, embrac'd my child;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam, should the threats of Greece
prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed!

Andr. Alas, what threats! What can alarm the
Greeks!

There are no Trojans left!

Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die: the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls; and makes them dread his
son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child!
Who smiles in bondage; nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life;
And send no less than Agamemnon's son,
To fetch him hence.

Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands?—This blow is aim'd at me:
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promis'd to myself in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow;

And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears, I must not see you weep.
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war:
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years' siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust:
I am determin'd to defend your son;
And rather die myself than give him up.
But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache among my foes.

Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece!
How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burthen to herself,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever?—Talk of it no more.
To reverence the misfortune of a foe;
To succour the distrest; to give the son
To an afflicted mother; to repel
Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;
Unbrib'd by love, untterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him: these are cares,
These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever!
Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd
Old Priam's vanquish'd house: and all the woes

I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns: and now
Our common foe should teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope,
I'll free your son; I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
What would I not atchieve? Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire; and your son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:

His hopes of empire perish'd with his father,
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, Oh, never must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!
Sir, all I wish for, is some quite exile,
Where, far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know, I cannot.

You know my heart is yours: my soul hangs on you:
You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
The vows which you neglect.

Andr. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,
Your will must be obey'd. Imperious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it: my disorder'd soul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage;
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die! Alas, my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam; visit this unhappy son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart;
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your resolves.

[*Exit Pyrrhus, &c.*]

Andr. I'll go; and, in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go!
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll shew,
And point him out among the shades below. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Hermione. WELL, I'll be rul'd, Cleone: I will see
him;
I have told Pylades that he may bring him;

But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cleo. And why forbid him?

Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?
The man whose sufferings you so oft lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that consancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself! I blush to think
How I have us'd him; and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion when he sees me
Neglected and forsaken, like himself?
Will he not say, is this the scornful maid,
The proud Hermione, that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
Her insolence at last is well repaid.—
I cannot bear the thought!

Cleo. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults; but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still deny
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece.

Cleo. What would you more? Orestes comes in
time

To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him; you have told me so.

Her. Hate him! My injur'd honour bids me hate
him.

Th' ungrateful man to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I lov'd so dearly;
The man I doated on; Oh, my Cleone!
How is it possible I should not hate him!

Cleo. Then give him, over, madam. Quit his court;
And with Orestes—

Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage! To meditate
A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts!
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you—for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest: believe me cur'd;
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd;
Think that my injur'd soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?

Her. Let us fly!

Let us begone! I leave him to his captive:
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone!—But what, if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What, if he renew
His former vows?—But, oh, the faithless man!
He slights me! drives me to extremities!—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves;
I'll stay, till by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son,
Their second embassy shall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs upon her!

Cleo. Ah, madam, whither does your rage trans-
port you?

Andromache, alas! is innocent.

A woman plung'd in sorrow; dead to love:
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so too!—He had not then
Betray'd my easy faith—But I, alas!
Discovered all the fondness of my soul!

I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere:
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve to one
Engaged to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour too was an excuse to mine :
With other eyes he saw me then !—Cleone,
Thou may'st remember, every thing conspir'd
To favour him : my father's wrongs aveng'd ;
The Greeks triumphant ; fleets of Trojan spoils ;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame ;
His eager love ;—all, all conspir'd against me !
—But I have done : I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
Orestes wants not merit ; and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him :
And if I've power over my own heart, 'tis his.

Cleo. Madam, he comes—

Her. Alas, I did not think
He was so near !—I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit ?
Is it a compliment of form or love ?

Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my
fate

To love unpity'd : to desire to see you ;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks thro' my repeated oaths :
And every time I visit you I'm perjur'd.
Even now I find my wounds all bleed afresh :
I blush to own it ; but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witness, I have try'd
Whatever man could do, (but try'd in vain,)
To wear you from my mind. Thro' stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful
tale ?

It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember

The kings you represent : shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion ?
Discharge your embassy : 'tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.

Orest. My embassy
Is at an end, for Pyrrhus has refus'd
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man ! [*Aside.*

Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But e'er I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you—
What do I say—I do already hear it !
My doom is fixt : I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair ? be still suspicious ?
What have I done ? Wherein have I been cruel ?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus :
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shar'd your griefs ?
Have I ne'er wept in secret ? Never wish'd
To see Orestes ?

Orest. Wish'd to see Orestes !——
Oh joy ! oh ecstasy ? My soul's intranc'd ?
Oh, charming princess ! Oh, transcendant maid !
My utmost wish !—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks !——I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes ?

Her. You are Orestes,
The same unalter'd, generous, faithful, lover :
The prince whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love !

Orest. Ay, there it is !—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart !

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you !

Orest. No !——
I should be blest ! I should be lov'd as he is !—
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected?

Has Pyrrhus said——(Oh, I shall go distracted!)

Has Pyrrhus told you so?——Or is it you,

Who think thus meanly of me?——Sir, perhaps,

All do not judge like you!——

Orest. Madam, go on!

Insult me still: I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates?

—Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel;

Let them lay waste his country; raze his towns;

Destroy his fleets; his palaces;—himself!—

Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

Orest. To hasten his destruction, come yourself;

And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Meanwhile he weds Andromache!

Orest. Ah, princess!

What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece,

If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive!

Orest. Is this your hatred, madam?—'Tis in vain

To hide your passion; every thing betrays it:

Your looks, your speech, your anger: nay, your silence;

Your love appears in all; your secret flame

Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,

And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet;

My very hate is constru'd into fondness.

Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father

First brought me hither; and the same obedience

Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,

Or my offended father shall recall me.

Tell this proud king, that Menelaus scorns

To match his daughter with a foe of Greece;

Bid him resign Astyanax, or me.

If he persists to guard the hostile boy,

Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

[*Ex. Her. and Cleone.*

Orest. Then is Orestes blest! My griefs are fled!
 Fled like a dream!—Methinks I tread in air!
 “Pyrrhus, enamour’d of his captive queen,
 “Will thank me if I take her rival hence:
 “He looks not on the princess with my eyes!
 “Surprising happiness!—Unlook’d-for joy!”
 Never let love despair!—the prize is mine!
 Be smooth, ye seas! and ye propitious winds,
 Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts!
 I long to view the sails unfurl’d!—But, see!
 Pyrrhus approaches in an happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS, and PHŒNIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
 Ungovern’d temper would not let me weigh
 The importance of your embassy, and hear
 You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
 I since have pois’d your reasons; and I thank
 My good allies: their care deserves my thanks.
 You have convinc’d me, that the weal of Greece,
 My father’s honour, and my own repose,
 Demand that Hector’s race should be destroy’d.
 I shall deliver up Astyanax;
 And you, yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Orest. If you approve it, sir, and are content
 To spill the blood of a defenceless child;
 The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeas’d.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
 I have determin’d to espouse Hermione.
 You come in time to grace our nuptial rites:
 In you the kings of Greece will all be present;
 And you have right to personate her father,
 As his ambassador, and brother’s son.
 Go, prince, renew your visit; tell Hermione,
 To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Orest. [*Aside.*] Oh, change of fortune! Oh, un-
 done Orestes!

[*Exit Orestes.*]

Pyr. Well, Phœnix, am I still a slave to love?
 What think’st thou now? Am I myself again?

Phæn. 'Tis as it should be: this discovers Pyrrhus;
Shews all the hero. Now you are yourself!
The son, the rival of the great Achilles!
Greece will applaud you; and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a second time!

Pyr. Nay, Phoenix, now I but begin to triumph:
I never was a conqueror 'till now!
Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdu'd than love. Oh, Phoenix,
What ruin have I shunn'd! The Greeks, enrag'd,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head, while I
Abandon'd duty, lempire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman!—One kind look
Had quite undone me!

Phæn. Oh, my royal master!
The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she
treated me!
When I permitted her to see her son,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes.
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On Hector's name: and when I spoke in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her son,
She kiss'd the boy; and call'd again on Hector:
"Then strain'd him in her arms; and cry'd, 'Tis he!
" 'Tis he himself! his eyes, his every feature!
" His very frown, and his stern look already!
" 'Tis he: 'Tis my lov'd lord whom I embrace;"
Does she then think, that I preserve the boy
To soothe and keep alive her flame for Hector?

Phæn. No doubt she does, and thinks you favour'd
in it;
But let her go, for an ungrateful woman!

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud, stubborn
heart:
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,

She mocks my rage ; and when it threatens loudest,
Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.

But we shall change our parts ; and she shall find,
I can be deaf, like her ; and steel my heart.

She's Hector's widow ; I Achilles' son !

Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more ;

I do not like this anger. Your Hermione

Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see
her ;

'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites ;

And not rely upon a rival's care :

It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix,

Dost thou not think, the proud Andromache

Will be enrag'd when I shall wed the princess ?

Phæn. Why does Andromache still haunt your
thoughts ?

What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd ?

Let her name perish : think of her no more !

Pyr. No, Phœnix !—I have been too gentle with her,

I've check'd my wrath, and stifled my resentment ;

She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.

Let us return ;—I'll brave her to her face :

I'll give my anger its free course against her.

Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride !

Phæn. Oh, go not, sir !—There's ruin in her eyes,

You do not know your strength : you'll fall before her ;

Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a most unmanly weakness !

Thou dost not know me, Phœnix !

Phæn. Ah, my prince !

You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still !

One who repays my passion with disdain !

A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn ;

She and her darling son within my power ;

His life a forfeit to the Greeks : Yet I

Preserve her son ; would take her to my throne ;

Act III. THE DISTREST MOTHER.

21

Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs ;
And all this while she treats me as her foe !

Phæn. You have it in your power to be reveng'd.

Pyr. Yes:—and I'll shew my power!—I'll give
her cause

To hate me ! her Astyanax shall die.——

What tears will then be shed ! How will she then,

In bitterness of heart, reproach my name !

Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse

Hermione :—'Twill stab her to the heart !

Phæn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still !

Pyr. Phœnix, excuse the struggle of my soul :
* 'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phæn. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan princess ;
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh ! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love.
And wean the soul from her accusom'd fondness.

But, come:—A long farewell to Hector's widow.

'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,

And see the many dangers I have pass'd.

The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,

Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast,

Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,

Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly !

And while the outrageous winds the deep deform,

Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PYLADES and ORESTES.

Pylades. For Heav'n's sake, sir, compose your
ruffled mind,

And moderate your rage !

Orest. No, Pylades !

This is no time for counsel.——I am deaf.

Talk not of reason ! I have been too patient.

Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.

I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.

I'll force her from his arms:——By Heav'n I will !

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend:—We'll force her hence,

But still consider, we are in Epirus.

The court, the guards, Hermione herself,

The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.

Good gods! what tempted you to seek her here?

Orest. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did!

My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came

To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Orest. It must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper?

He tells me, that he weds Hermione;

And will to-morrow take her from my hand!—

My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.—

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir; he's not to blame.

Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps, you'd find it tortur'd, like your own.

Orest. No, Pylades! 'Tis all design—His pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.

The fair Hermione, before I came,

In all her bloom of beauty was neglected.

Ah, cruel gods! I thought her all my own!

She was consenting to return to Sparta:

Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,

Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.

She heard my sighs; she pitied my complaints;

She prais'd my constancy;—The least indifference
From this proud king, had made Orestes happy.

Pyl. So your fond heart believes!

“*Orest.* Did I not see

“ Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise

“ Against the ungrateful man?

“ *Pyl.* Believe me, prince,

“ 'Twas then she lov'd him most! Had Pyrrhus left
“ her,

“ She would have form'd some new pretext to stay.”
Take my advice, think not to force her hence;

But fly yourself from her destructive charms.
Her soul is link'd to Pyrrhus : " Were she yours,
" She would reproach you still, and still regret
" Her disappointed nuptials.—"

Orest. Talk no more !

I cannot bear the thought ! She must be mine !
Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resign'd Hermione.—By force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships ;
Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape ?

Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher !

And blot his embassy ?

Orest. Oh, Pylades !

My grief weighs heavy on me :—"Twill distract me !

" O leave me to myself !—Let not thy friendship

" Involve thee in my woes. Too long already,

" Too long hast thou been punish'd for my crimes.

" It is enough, my friend !—It is enough !

" Let not thy generous love betray thee farther :"

The gods have set me as their mark to empty

Their quivers on me.—Leave me to myself.

Mine be the danger ; mine the enterprize.

All I request of thee is to return,

And in my place convey Astyanax

(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.

Go, Pylades—

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on !

Let us bear off Hermione ! No toil,

No danger can deter a friend :—Lead on !

Draw up the Greeks ; summon your num'rous train :

The ships are ready and the wind sets fair :

There eastward lies the sea ; the rolling waves

Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,

Each avenue and outlet of the court.

This very night we'll carry her on board.

Orest. Thou art too good !—I trespass on thy
friendship,

But, Oh ! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,

Except thyself: one just about to lose
 The treasure of his soul: "whom all mankind
 "Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself."
 When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind.—But now remember
 To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;
 Let not *Hermione* suspect—No more——
 I see her coming, sir——

Orest. Away, my friend;
 I am advis'd; my all depends upon it. [*Ex. Pylades.*]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obey'd; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.
 The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told:
 And farther, I'm inform'd that you, *Orestes*,
 Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Orest. And are you, madam, willing to comply?

"*Her.* Could I imagine *Pyrrhus* lov'd me still?
 "After so long delays, who would have thought
 "His hidden flames would shew themselves at last,
 "And kindle in his breast, when mine expir'd?
 "I can suppose, with you, he fears the Greeks;
 "That it is interest, and not love, directs him;
 "And that my eyes had greater power o'er you.

"*Orest.* No, princess, no! It is too plain he loves you.
 "Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail
 "To gain a conquest, where you wish they should."

Her. What can I do? alas! my faith is promis'd.
 Can I refuse what is not mine to give?

A princess is not at her choice to love;
 All we have left us is a blind obedience:
 And yet, you see, how far I had comply'd,
 And made my duty yield to your intreaties.

Orest. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done.
 All have a right to please themselves in love:
 I blame not you. 'Tis true, I hop'd;—but you
 Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.

'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.
But, madam, I shall spare you farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave.

[Exit Orestes.]

Her. Cleone, could'st thou think he'd be so calm:

Cleo. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He's to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in
Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear!
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? the Greeks?
Did he not lead their harass'd troops to conquest,
When they despair'd, when they retir'd from Troy,
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he is above constraint;
He acts unforc'd; and where he weds he loves.

Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!—Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone! I am wild with joy!
Pyrrhus, the bold! the brave! the godlike Pyrrhus!
—O, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles—Oh, Cleone—

Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache:
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart!
Let us retire: her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. Ah, madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won;
The only man I sought to please is gone;
Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand,

"Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
 "Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death."

But, Oh, I have a son!—And you, one day,
 Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
 But Heav'n forbid that you should ever know
 A mother's sorrow for an only son.

Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
 When every hour she trembles for his life!

Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
 Alas, what danger is there in a child,
 Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire?
 Let me go hide him in some desert isle:

You may rely upon my tender care
 To keep him far from perils of ambition:
 All he can learn of me, will be to weep.

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief:
 But it would ill become me, to sollicit
 In contradiction to my father's will:

'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
 Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
 No woman does it better than yourself;
 If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

[*Exit Her. and Cleone.*]

Andr. Didst thou not mind with what disdain she
 spoke?

Youth and prosperity have made her vain;
 She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel!
 I'd speak my own distress: one look from you
 Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
 See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess?—Did you not inform me
 Hermione was here? [To Phœnix.]

Phæn. I thought so, sir.

Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have
 on him! [To Ceph.]

Pyr. What says she, Phœnix?

Andr. I have no hope left!

Phæn. Let us begone:—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, break this sullen silence.

Andr. My child's already promised——

Ceph. But not given.

Andr. No, no! my tears are vain! his doom is fixt!

Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us!
Proud woman!

Andr. I provoke him by my presence.
Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy
The Greeks; and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andr. Ah, sir! recall those words—What have you said!

If you give up my son, Oh, give up me!—
You, who so many times have sworn me friendship:
Oh, Heav'ns!—will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phoenix will answer you: my word is past.

Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me.

Pyr. I was your lover then: I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spar'd his life:
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now, 'tis too late.

“*Andr.* Ah, sir, you understood
“ My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter,
“ Afraid of a repulse.” Oh, sir, excuse
The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No! in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be oblig'd!
“ This very son, this darling of your soul,
“ Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
“ Your anger, your aversion fall on me;
“ You hate me more than the whole league of Greece:”
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.

Let us go, Phœnix, and appease the Greeks.

Andr. Then, let me die! and let me go to Hector.

Ceph. But, madam——

Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears. [*To Ceph.*
—Behold how low you have reduc'd a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes;
My kindred fall in war; my father slain;
My husband dragg'd in his own blood; my son
Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hop'd I should not find his son less noble.
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!
If he must die——

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw awhile. [*Ex. Phœnix.*
Rise, madam—Yet you may preserve your son.
I find whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself.
I thought my hatred fixt before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me while I speak!
And see, if you discover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
Why will you force me to desert your cause?
In your son's name I beg we may be friends;
“ Let me entreat you to secure his life!
“ Must I turn suppliant for him?” Think, oh think,
'Tis the last time, you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break; the foes I arm:
I wrong Hermione; I send her hence;
And with her diadem I bind your brows.
Consider well; for 'tis of moment to you!
Choose to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
“ My soul, consum'd with a whole year's despair,
“ Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts;

" Enough of sighs, and tears, and threats I've tried ;

" I know, if I'm depriv'd of you, I die :

" But oh, I die, if I wait longer for you !"

I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the temple ; there you'll find your son ;
And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

[Exit Pyrrhus.]

Ceph. I told you, madam, that, in spite of Greece,
You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.

Andr. Alas ! Cephisa, what have I obtain'd !
Only a poor short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to
Hector ;

To be reluctant still would be a crime.

He would himself persuade you to comply.

Andr. How—wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for a
husband ?

Ceph. Think you, 'twill please the ghost of your
dead husband,

That you should sacrifice his son ? Consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne ;
Turns all his power against the foes of Troy ;
Remembers not Achilles was his father ;
Retracts his conquest, and forgets his hatred.

Andr. But how can I forget it ? How can I

Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour ;
Depriv'd of funeral rites ; and vilely dragg'd,

A bloody corse, about the walls of Troy ?

Can I forget the good old king his father,

Slain in my presence ; at the altar slain !

Which vainly, for protection, he embrac'd ?

Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,

When a whole people fell ? Methinks I see

Pyrrhus enrag'd, and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning palaces :

I see him hew his passage through my brothers ;

And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waste.

Think in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd !

This is the courtship I receiv'd from Pyrrhus ;

And this the husband thou wouldst give me! No,
We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.
Why do you tremble, madam?

Anar. O Cephisa!

Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord!
"Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
"When his too forward courage led him forth
"To seek Achilles.

"*Ceph.* Oh, the unhappy hour!

"'Twas then Troy fell, and all her gods forsook her.

"*Andr.* That morn, Cephisa, that ill-fated morn,

"My husband bid thee bring Astyanax;

"He took him in his arms; and, as I wept,

"My wife, my dear Andromache, said he,

"(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep)

"What fortune may attend my arms, the gods

"Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy;

"Preserve him as the token of our loves;

"If I should fall, let him not miss his sire

"While thou surviv'st; but by thy tender care

"Let the son see that thou didst love his father.

"*Ceph.* And will you throw away a life so precious?

"At once extirpate all the Trojan line?

"*Andr.* Inhuman king! What has he done to
"suffer?

"If I neglect your vows, is he to blame?

"Has he reproach'd you with his slaughter'd kindred?

"Can he resent those ills he does not know?"

But, oh! while I deliberate he dies.

No, no, thou must not die while I can save thee;

Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!

Do thou go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

Andr. Tell him I love my son to such excess—

But dost thou think he means the child shall die?

Can love rejected turn to so much rage?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here—Resolve on something.

Andr. Well then, assure him—

Ceph. Madam, of your love?

Andr. Alas, thou know'st it is not in my power.

Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!

Oh, my Astyanax! At what a price

Thy mother buys thee!—Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve?

Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together,

To the sad monument which I have rais'd

To Hector's shade; where in their sacred urn

The ashes of my hero lie inclos'd;

The dear remains, which I have sav'd from Troy;

There let me weep, there summon to my aid,

With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade;

Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears,

My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:

Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,

And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ANDROMACHE, CEPHISA.

“ *Cephisa.* BLEST be the tomb of Hector, that in-
“ spires

“ These pious thoughts: or is it Hector's self,

“ That prompts you to preserve your son! 'Tis he

“ Who still presides o'er ruin'd Troy; 'tis he

“ Who urges Pyrrhus to restore Astyanax.

“ *Andr.* Pyrrhus has said he will; and thou hast
“ heard him

“ Just now renew the oft-repeated promise.

“ *Ceph.* Already in the transports of his heart,

“ He gives you up his kingdom, his allies,

“ And thinks himself o'er-paid for all in you.

“ *Andr.* I think I may rely upon his promise;

" And yet my heart is overcharg'd with grief.

" *Ceph.* Why should you grieve! You see he bids
" defiance

" To all the Greeks; and to protect your son

" Against their rage, has plac'd his guards about him;

" Leaving himself defenceless for his sake:

" But, madam, think, the coronation pomp

" Will soon demand your presence in the temple:

" 'Tis time you lay aside these mourning weeds.

" *Andr.* I will be there; but first would see my son.

" *Ceph.* Madam, you need not now be anxious for
" him,

" He will be always with you, all your own,

" To lavish the whole mother's fondness on him.

" What a delight to train beneath your eye,

" A son, who grows no longer up in bondage!

" A son, in whom a race of kings revive:

" But, madam, you are sad, and wrapt in thought,

" As if you relish'd not your happiness.

" *Andr.* Oh, I must see my son once more, Cephisa!

" *Ceph.* Madam, he now will be no more a captive;

" Your visits may be frequent as you please.

" To-morrow you may pass the live-long day——

" *Andr.* To-morrow! Oh, Cephisa!—But no more!

" Cephisa, I have always found thee faithful:

" A load of care weighs down my drooping heart.

" *Ceph.* Oh! that 'twere possible for me to ease you.

" *Andr.* I soon shall exercise thy long-tried faith.

" Meanwhile I do conjure thee, my Cephisa,

" Thou take no notice of my present trouble:

" And when I shall disclose my secret purpose,

" That thou be punctual to perform my will.

" *Ceph.* Madam, I have no will but yours. My life

" Is nothing, balanc'd with my love to you.

" *Andr.* I thank thee, good Cephisa, my Astyanax

" Will recompense thy friendship to his mother.

" But, come; my heart's at ease: assist me now

" To change this sable habit."—Yonder comes

Hermione; I would not meet her rage. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Cleo. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
After such wrongs and insults, much surprize me!
You, who before could not command your rage,
When Pyrrhus looked but kindly on his captive;
How can you bear unmov'd, that he should wed her?
And seat her on a throne which you should fill?
I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul!
'Twere better, madam—

Her. Have you call'd Orestes?

Cleo. Madam, I have; his love is too impatient
Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage:
His ardour's still the same—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Ah, madam, is it true? Does, then, Orestes
At length attend you by your own commands?
What can I do——

Her. Orestes, do you love me?

Orest. What means that question, princess? Do I
love you!

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell, my return, all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them all.

Orest. It shall be done—my soul has catch'd the
alarm.

We'll spirit up the Greeks—I'll lead them on—
Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.

Let us return: let us not lose a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land:

Let us depart.

Her. No, prince, let us stay here!

I will have vengeance here—I will not carry

This load of infamy to Greece, nor trust

The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.

Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.

If you avenge me, let it be this instant;

My rage brooks no delay—Haste to the temple,
Haste, prince, and sacrifice him.

Orest. Whom!

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Orest. Pyrrhus! Did you say, Pyrrhus?

Her. You demur!

Oh, fly, begone! give me no time to think!

Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws—

Let me not hear him justify'd—away.

Orest. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.

Madam, your love has made him criminal.

You shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too:

But let our hatred be profest and open:

Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war;

Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down

By conquest: should I turn base assassin,

'Twould sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have I not been dishonour'd! set at nought!

Expos'd to public scorn!—and will you suffer

The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live?

Know, prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd him;

The gods alone can tell how once I lov'd him;

Yes, the false perjurd man, I once did love him;

And, spite of all his crimes and broken vows,

If he should live, I may relapse—who knows

But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs?

Orest. First let me tear him piece-meal—he shall die.

But, madam, give me leisure to contrive

The place, the time, the manner of his death:

Yet I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus;

Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,

When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.

It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,

This very hour, he weds Andromache:

The temple shines with pomp; the golden throne

Is now prepar'd; the joyful rites begin;

My shame is public—Oh, be speedy, prince!

My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long!

Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy.
Now is the time ; assemble all your Greeks ;
Mine shall assist them ; let their fury loose :
Already they regard him as a foe.
Begone, Orestes—kill the faithless tyrant :
My love shall recompense the glorious deed.

Orest. Consider, inadam——

Her. You but mock my rage !
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action ?
Go, with your boasted constancy ! and leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge !
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour !

Orest. Hear me but speak !—you know I'll die to
serve you !

Her. I'll go myself : I'll stab him at the altar ;
Then drive the poignard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite :
Better to die with him, than live with you !

Orest. That were to make him blest ; and me more
wretched :

Madam, he dies by me :—Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live ? My rival, too ?
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies :
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince ; strike home ! and leave the rest
to me.

Let all your ships be ready for our flight.

[*Exit Orestes.*

Cleo. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
I was to blame to trust it with another :
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him :
“ I should have thrust the dagger home ; have seen
“ The tyrant curse me with his parting breath,

" And roll about his dying eyes, in vain,
" To find Andromache, whom I would hide."
Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim!—Haste, Cleone;
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentments,
Not those of Greece, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste, my Cleone! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me!

Cleo. I shall obey your orders——But see
The king approach!—Who could expect him here?

Her. O fly! Cleone, fly! and bid Orestes
Not proceed a step before I see him. [*Exit Cleone.*]

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd princess:
Your distant looks reproach me: and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.

Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice;
Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.

" I might perhaps alledge, our warlike sires,

" Unknown to us, engag'd us to each other,

" And join'd our hearts by contract, not by love:

" But I detest such cobweb arts. I own

" My father's treaty, and allow its force.

" I sent ambassadors to call you hither;

" Receiv'd you as my queen; and hop'd my oaths

" So oft renew'd might ripen into love.

" The gods can witness, madam, how I fought

" Against Andromache's too fatal charms!

" And still I wish I had the power to leave

" This Trojan beauty, and be just to you."

Discharge your anger on this perjur'd man!

For I abhor my crime! and should be pleas'd

To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: no terms,

No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,

Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere: you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.

A hero should be bold; above all laws;

Be bravely false; and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shews a daring mind!
And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid!
To court me; to reject me; to return;
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave:
To lay proud Troy in ashes; then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Madam, go on: give your resentments
birth;

And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I upbraid
your falsehood;

Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injur'd virgins lavish on your sex;
I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to soothe her pride.
But, sir, I would not over-charge her joys:
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
Your great achievements in her father's palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
And in her sight slew half her royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds!
I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far; I shed
Too much of blood: but, madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caus'd.
However, I am pleas'd to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuse myself:

The man who ne'er was lov'd, can ne'er be false.
Obedience to a father brought you hither;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you:
But our desires were different ways inclin'd:
And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you, then! perfidious man!
For you I slighted all the Grecian princes;
Forsook my father's house; conceal'd my wrongs,
When most provok'd: would not return to Sparta,
In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart,

I lov'd you when inconstant : and even now,
 Inhuman king, that you pronounce my death,
 My heart still doubts, if I should love or hate you :
 But, oh, since you resolve to wed another,
 Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow !
 That I may not be here to grace your triumph !
 This is the last request I e'er shall make you——
 See if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer !
 Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian ! Hence ! begone !
 And bear to her those vows, that once were mine :
 Go, in defiance to the avenging gods !
 Begone ! the priest expects you at the altar——
 But, tyrant ; have a care I come not hither.

[*Ex. Her.*

Enter PHŒNIX.

Phæn. Sir, did you mind her threats ? Your life's in danger !

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
 The Greeks that swarm about the court, all hate you ;
 Will treat you as their country's enemy,
 And join in her revenge : besides, Orestes
 Still loves her to distraction : sir, I beg——

Pyr. How, Phœnix, should I fear a woman's threats ?

A nobler passion takes up all my thought :
 I must prepare to meet Andromache.
 Do thou place all my guards about her son :
 If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. [*Ex. Pyr.*

PHŒNIX, alone,

Oh, Pyrrhus ! oh, what pity 'tis, the god,
 Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
 Form'd thee for empire and consummate greatness,
 Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
 That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason !

[*A flourish of trumpets :*

“ Such was Achilles ; generous, fierce, and brave ;
 “ Open and undesigning : but impatient,

“ Undisciplin’d, and not to be controll’d:
 “ I fear this whirl of passion, this career,
 “ That overbears reflection and cool thought;
 “ I tremble for the event!”—But see, the queen,
 Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
 I must obey, and guard her son from danger.

[*Exit Phœnix,*

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen!

Your sorrows are dispers’d, your charms revive,
 And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o’er your son;
 Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly-minded: and I fain
 Would live to thank him for Astyanax:
 ’Tis a vain thought—However, since my child
 Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. “ These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.

“ What meant those floods of tears, those warm embraces,

“ As if you bid your son adieu for ever?”

For Heaven’s sake, madam, let me know your griefs:
 If you mistrust my faith——

Andr. That were to wrong thee.

Oh, my Cephisa! this gay, borrow’d air,
 This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
 Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe:
 My heart still mourns; I still am Hector’s widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise giv’n to Pyrrhus;

Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?

Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress.

Could'st thou believe I would be false to Hector?

Fall off from such a husband! break his rest,

And call him to this hated light again,

To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?

"Would Hector, were he living and I dead,

"Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?"

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue;

But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!

Must then Astyanax be doom'd to die;

And you to linger out a life in bondage?

"*Andr.* Nor this, nor that, Cephisa, will I bear;

"My word is past to Pyrrhus, his to me?

"And I rely upon his promis'd faith.

"Unequal as he is, I know him well:

"Pyrrhus is violent, but he's sincere,

"And will perform beyond what he has sworn.

"The Greeks will but incense him more; their
"rage

"Will make him cherish Hector's son.

"*Ceph.* Ah, madam,

"Explain these riddles to my boding heart!!

"*Andr.* Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast
heard me

"Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw,

"When first I landed captive in Epirus.

"That very night, as in a dream I lay,

"A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,

"His eyes aglare, his hair all stiff with blood,

"Full in my sight thrice shook his head, and groan'd;

"I soon discern'd my slaughter'd Hector's shade;

"But, oh, how chang'd! ye gods, how much unlike

"The living Hector!—Loud, he bid me fly,

"Fly from Achilles' son; then sternly frown'd,

"And disappear'd. Struck with the dreadful sound

"I started, and awak'd.

"*Ceph.* But did he bid you

"Destroy Astyanax?

Andr. "Cephisa, I'll preserve him;"

With my own life, Cephisa, I'll preserve him.

Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror, mean?

Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul:
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows:
This will secure a father to my child:
That done I have no farther use for life:
This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

"*Ceph.* Ah, madam! recollect your scatter'd reason;

" This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.

" *Andr.* No other stratagem can serve my purpose:

" This is the sole expedient to be just

" To Hector, to Astyanax, to Pyrrhus.

" I shall soon visit Hector, and the shades

" Of my great ancestors:"—Cephisa, thou

Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you!

Andr. No, my Cephisa; I must have thee live.

" Remember thou didst promise to obey,

" And to be secret: wilt thou now betray me?

" After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou

" Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?

" Once more I do conjure thee, live for me.

" *Ceph.* Life is not worth my care when you are
" gone."

Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my soul:
Live, and supply my absence to my child;
All that remains of Troy, a future progeny
Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
In him, is all entrusted to thy care.

" *Ceph.* But, madam, what will be the rage of
Pyrrhus,

" Defranded of his promis'd happiness?

" *Andr.* That will require thy utmost skill: Observe

" The first impetuous onsets of his grief ;
 " Use every artifice to keep him stedfast.
 " Sometimes with tears thou may'st discourse of me ;
 " Speak of our marriage ; let him think I lov'd him :
 " Tell him my soul repos'd itself on him,
 " When I resign'd my son to his protection."

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief !
 Is there ought more before you go for ever ?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa ! my swoln heart is full !
 I have a thousand farewells to my son :
 But tears break in—Griefs interrupt my speech—
 My soul o'erflows in fondness—Let him know
 I dy'd to save him :—" And would die again."
 Season his mind with early hints of glory ;
 Make him acquainted with his ancestors ;
 Trace out their shining story in his thoughts ;
 Dwell on th' exploits of his immortal father,
 And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.

" Let him reflect upon his royal birth
 " With modest pride ; Pyrrhus will prove a friend :
 " But let him know he has a conqueror's right."
 He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
 And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
 Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,
 He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
 Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas ! I fear I never shall outlive you.

Andr. No more : thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me ;
 Assume a cheerful look : but still remember—

[*Flourish within.*

Hark, how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
 Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence.
 Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee.
 Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
 Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enliv'ning sound,
 Through gazing crowds in solemn state proceeds,
 And drest in fatal-pomp magnificently bleeds.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

HERMIONE alone.

WHAT have I done? Where am I? Where is
Pyrrhus?

Ye gods! what mean these horrors?—I'm undone!

My soul is on the rack!—I cannot bear it:—

Why do I wander like some guilty ghost?

What brought me to this place? What keeps me
here?

The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me!

Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?

Hard-hearted man! how unconcern'd he left me!

Did he once sigh? Bestow one pitying look?

Once shed a tear? or speak one soft, kind word?

Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,

To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?

Why am I still thus anxious for his life?

Why do I start at his impending fate?

Shall he then live? Shall the base traitor live

To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!

Be quick, Orestes!—Execute my orders!

Alas! my orders! Oh, preposterous guilt!

Can I decree the death of him I love?

Was it for this my soul delighted in him?

Was it for this I left my father's court?

Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas

To murder Pyrrhus?

Enter CLEONE.

Oh, Cleone, help me!

What have I done? Is Pyrrhus yet alive?

What say'st thou?—Answer me: Where is the king?

Cleo. Madam! I saw the cruel prince set forward,

Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.

Still as he walk'd his ravish'd eyes were fixt

On the fair captive; while through shouting crowds

She pass'd along with a dejected air,
And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant! I shall burst with rage!
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief; some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not—Oh, be quick and tell me all!

Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he march'd on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough! he dies! the traitor!—Where's
Orestes?

Cleo. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute? Is he still determin'd?

Cleo. Madam, I fear—

Her. How! Is Orestes false?

Does he betray me too?

Cleo. A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse:
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly:
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states;
Of all mankind; and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch! 'tis false! he basely
fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death;
'Tis that he fears:—Am I bright Helen's daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspir'd;
For her confederate nations fought, and kings were
slain;
Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
Against a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me.

Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

Her. No! I'll avenge myself; I'll to the temple;
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest;
I'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me!
They must not wed; they must not live! they shall not!

Let me be gone! I have no time to lose!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
Oh, Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed.

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done; your orders are obey'd;
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain?

Orest. Even now he gasps in death:
Our Greeks all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the temple, and dispers'd themselves
On every side the altar. I was there;
Pyrrhus observ'd me with a haughty eye.
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive:
Receive, said he, my crown; receive my faith;
Mine and my people's sov'reign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a father to your son;
I'll scourge his foes: henceforward he be styl'd
The Trojan king; "I swear it at the altar,
"And call the gods to ratify my vows."
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enrag'd, cried out,
Revenge! revenge! broke through the thronging
press,

And rush'd tumultuous on the unguarded king:
"Their eager fury left no work for me."
Pyrrhus awhile oppos'd their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side
With manly fierceness; till oppress by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds,

He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.—
 Haste, madam ; let us fly ! Haste to our ships !
 They lie unmoor'd : our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done !

Orest. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete,
 Had Pyrrhus fall'n by me, and had he known
 Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace ! Go tell thy horrid tale
 To savages, and howl it in the deserts.

Would'st thou impute to me thy barb'rous guilt ?
 Me would'st thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes ?
 Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits !
 My soul abhors them ! I disclaim the deed ?

Begone ! I know thee not ! thou fell barbarian !
 What had he done ? What could provoke thy mad-
 ness

To assassinate so great, so brave a man ?
 Who set thee on ?

Orest. Oh, grant me patience, Heav'n !
 With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
 Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him ?

Her. What if, transported by my boundless pas-
 sion,

I could not bear to see him wed another,
 Were you to obey a jealous woman's phrenzy ?
 You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts :
 My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice ;
 And all my anger was excess of love.

Why did you take me at my word ? You saw
 The struggles of my soul ; you heard me rave :
 You should have question'd me a thousand times,
 Yet still have doubted, and still question'd on,
 Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Orest. Hear me but speak : Heav'n knows, against
 my will——

Her. Why did you not return ? Why not consult
 me

A second time ? And, undetermin'd still,

Again return, and still find new delays?

What had your rash officious Greeks, dire blood-hounds!

To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?

To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?

Are these the fruits of your detested love?

Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,

Drove Pyrrhus to my rival; and destroys

Both him and me. He might have lov'd me still,

Had you ne'er interpos'd—Avaunt! Begone!

And leave me in Epirus. I renounce

My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:

But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee! [*Exit.*]

Orest. Am I awake? Where am I? Soft, my soul;

Be not too rash.—Was that Hermione?

Why should her anger thunder against me?

Was not this blood shed all by her command?—

I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!

A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!

And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.

Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;

And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,

Things sacred and profane, be broken down;

Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,

Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.

Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,

Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!

A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,

And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter PYLADES, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,

And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.

The people arm and muster in the streets:

Our Greeks will not be able long to guard

The palace gates, and to secure our flight.

We must be speedy, sir.

Orest. You may depart,
My friends—Hermione and I remain—
Her cruelty has quite undone me!—"Go,
"And leave me to myself—I'll find her out."

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess! she's no more;
"Forget her, sir, and save yourself with us."

Orest. Hermione no more! Oh, all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;
In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;
She startled at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
Gaz'd frightful: waken'd from the dire amaze,
She rais'd her eyes to Heav'n with such a look
As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods:
Then plung'd a poignard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Orest. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.

Orest. True, my friend:
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
My fate's accomplish'd—I shall die content.
Oh, bear me hence—blow, winds!—

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Orest. The murder'd lovers wait me—Hark, they
call!

Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine:
One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

Orest. I am dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter
darkness.

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.

I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So;—Light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn!—See, Pylades!—Behold!—
I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!—

The crimson billows!—Oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me.

Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off?—What would'st thou?
—How he glares!

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds?—Have at
thee.

It is Hermione that strikes—Confusion!

She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me!

How terrible she looks! She knits her brow!

She frowns me dead! She frights me into madness!

Where am I?—Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!

“Help to support him.—How he pants for breath!”

Orest. This is most kind, my Pylades.—Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well; he settles into reason.

Orest. Who talks of reason? Better to have none
Than not enough.—Run, some one, tell my Greeks,
I will not have them touch the king.—Now—now
I blaze again!—See there!—Look where they come;
A shoal of furies—How they swarm about me!—
My terror!—Hide me!—Oh, their snaky locks!

Hark, how they hiss!—See, see their flaming brands!

Now they let drive full at me?—How they grin,

And shake their iron whips!—My ears! what yelling!

And see, Hermione!—She sets them on—

Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!

Oh!—I am stung to death!—Dispatch me soon!

There—Take my heart, Hermione!—Tear it out!

Disjoin me! kill me! Oh, my tortur'd soul!—

Pyl. Kind Heav'n restore him to his wonted calm!

Oft have I seen him rave: but never thus:

Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off.

Our time is short: should his strong rage return,

'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence,

Away, my friends! I hear the portal open. [Ex.

Enter PHŒNIX, attended by Guards.

Phœn. All, all are fled!—Orestes is not here—
Triumphant villains!—The base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employ'd with fire,
'To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying princess:
And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!—this sacrilegious murder
Was authoriz'd.—Th' ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt.—Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deed!—Where, where, ye gods,
Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection?—See, the queen.

[A Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will
come,

When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus?
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man whose single valour made you triumph.

[A dead March behind.]

Is my child there?—

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus.
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life;
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life: thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end?

Andr. Oh, never, never!—While I live, my
tears

Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.—
Give present orders for the fun'ral pomp: *[To Phœn.]*
Let him be rob'd in all his regal state;

Place round him every shining mark of honour :
And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets.*

Ceph. That sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince ;
The guards conduct him from the citadel.

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa !

A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An ecstasy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair :

When prest by dangers, and beset with foes,

The gods their timely succour interpose ;

And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,

By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. BUDGELL.

Spoken by ANDROMACHE.

*I HOPE you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But dy'd commodiously on his wedding-day;
While I, his relict, made at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young Sty a king.*

*You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?*

*'Twas a strange 'scape! Had Pyrrhus liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my row.*

*To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!*

*'Twere an hard fate——ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night——to think upon it,*

*But why, you'll say, was all this grief express'd
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?*

Why so much coldness to my kind protector?

*—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinform'd,)*

*That, when enrag'd, the Grecian camp he storm'd;
To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate,*

He threw a stone of such prodigious weight

As no two men could lift, not even of those,

Who in that age of thund'ring mortals rose:

—It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaux.

*At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dress'd bride.*

In you it still remains to grace the play,

And bless with joy my coronation-day;

Take, then, ye circles of the brave and fair,

The fatherless and widow to your care.